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GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON

LAFAYETTE SQUARE

CLARK MILLS

OUT-DOOR ART IN WASHINGTON*

BY CHARLES MOORE

Chairman of the Federal Commission of Fine Arts

AT a Round Table luncheon in 1901, Mr. Saint-Gaudens was asked if the equestrian statues in Washington should not be grouped. He considered the suggestion, replied in the affirmative, and added that a high board fence might then be built around the group! Yet when it was proposed seriously to remove Andrew Jackson from the place where for sixty odd years he has been riding his rocking-horse,

Saint-Gaudens objected, saying that Clark Mills' statue of the hero of New Orleans was the first equestrian group executed by an American sculptor; that it had become a familiar object in the Washington landscape, had grown into its place, so to speak, and for these sufficient reasons it should not be disturbed.

These two attitudes of Saint-Gaudens' mind are characteristic of the American

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mind in general in regard to Washington sculpture. A flippant question draws a flippant answer—and the intended laugh. Reflection discloses reasons for discrimination either in praise or in blame. There are considerations beyond the mere application of the artistic standards of today to the figures of the past. If there were not giants in those days when sculpture was new to America, at least there were sculptors who expressed the national feeling and the sentiments of their generation; and the national capital can ill afford to cast their works on the scrap-heap.

George III was the first person to be commemorated in this country by an equestrian statue. The English sculptor builded better than he knew when he selected lead for his medium. King George and his steed furnished many thousand bullets for the Continental Army, at a time when bullets were most needed. It was not until about 1850 that Clark Mills, then an untrained young artist on his way to Europe, was induced to tarry in Washington to undertake an equestrian statue of General Jackson. He accepted the commission with reluctance. He had never seen an equestrian statue. He betook himself to a Bladensburg farm, where he taught a horse to prance and fixed him in the act. There he built not only a studio but also a foundry, learning sculpture and casting in the same masterless school of personal experience. In 1853 the statue was set up as a monument to Jackson and the democracy he brought with him. Some day, in some appropriate place, let us hope, a statue conformable to the eternal canons of art will be erected in honor of the man who strangled nullification with one hand, while with the other he smoothed the pillow of a small-pox stricken White House servant, from whom all but the President of the United States had fled in terror. Until that time comes, let us possess our souls in patience, awaiting the day when the hero shall ride away into some Valhalla of dead statues.

No sentiment, however, lurks in Clark Mills' "Washington." That statue need not stand on the order of its going. It is not even a good exemplar of the art of the crimping iron, which instrument its curves strongly suggest.

Unlike Mills, Horatio Greenough was no tyro. All that Europe could teach a well-born, highly educated American youth, Greenough brought to the task of expressing in marble the American demi-god, who as the pedestal proclaims, is "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Is it surprising that in 1843 at a time when this people was building 19 Romes, 21 Athenses and 27 Troys in States east of the Mississippi River, Greenough should have depicted Washington as an American Jove and that Edward Everett should have approved? Designed to be placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol, under the very dome which Brumidi afterwards decorated with the apotheosis of Washington, Greenough's statue, on being put in place, disturbed the foundations to such an extent that it was hurriedly removed to the east plaza. There it endured the glaring suns of summer or, wrapped in its wooden overcoat, defied the cutting winds of winter, until it descended ignominiously the hill up which it had marched in triumph a half century before. Now it finds its place in the Smithsonian Institution, in proximity to Washington's very clothes, which the most representative American artist of his day scorned. *Sic transit gloria artis.*

Greenough's "Pioneer," on the east front of the Capitol, still maintains a stranglehold on the redskin caught in the act of tomahawking the cowering but thankful female in the rear, while the pet dog of the family is a highly interested spectator of the momentous transaction. In the not distant future the extension of the east front of the Capitol will give the dome something to stand on. This new front will be much too dignified architecturally to permit the retention of such theatrical sculpture as Greenough's group. Then this pioneer also will follow the star of empire westward to the National Museum. Today, however, he shines by comparison with the companion piece, Persico's "Columbus-twirling-the-sphere." Among the recent arrivals at the Union Station is another Columbus, who gives name to the central one of three fountains which bring life to the great plaza.

Some well-meaning but misguided person picked up in the crypt of the Capitol



GENERAL THOMAS

BY

J. Q. A. WARD

THOMAS CIRCLE—WASHINGTON, D. C.



JOHN PAUL JONES

BY

CHARLES HENRY NIEHAUS

THE SPEEDWAY—POTOMAC PARK—WASHINGTON, D. C.

the fragments of the plaster cast for Crawford's statue of "Freedom," which surmounts the dome. These fragments have been pieced together to form the colossal figure now in the National Museum, where it represents Crawford's conception as modified and controlled by Jefferson Davis. It would be better for Crawford's fame if "Freedom" were not subjected to such close acquaintance. As for Crawford's figures in the Senate pediment and his bronze doors of the Senate wing, one must admit that both of these works are ineffective, when compared with the great examples. The recent achievement of Paul Bartlett in treating the House pediment reconciles one to the failure of John Quincy Adams' artistic imagination and Persico's consequent failure to complete the peopling of the central pediment. Here again some day opportunity will beckon to genius.

Henry K. Brown was accounted great in his day. His equestrian "Washington" in Union Square, New York, holds a place among excellent works of its class; and his "Winfield Scott" on Sixteenth Street and his "General Nathanael Greene" in Stanton Square, are not to be despised. The fact that Congress paid the artist \$77,000 and \$50,000 respectively for these statues would indicate that thus far the high cost of living has had no effect in raising the compensation of sculptors. Hiram Powers created as much consternation when he introduced his nude "Greek Slave" to this Puritan land as MacMonnies' "Bacchante" brought to Boston in our own time. Powers achieved such fame that Congress commissioned him to execute the "Jefferson" and the "Franklin" for the Senate and House corridors. Randolph Rogers designed the central bronze doors of the Capitol; and W. W. Story executed the statue of John Marshall, which the Philadelphia bar gave to Congress. Thomas Ball was selected to commemorate in bronze "Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation," the price being paid entirely with money earned by freed slaves. There is a world of pathos in this group; and probably if the commission were to be given out today, no more dignified, simple or convincing work would result.

Greenough, Powers, Crawford, Brown, Mills, Ball, Story, Rogers—what name has been omitted from the list of representative

American sculptors down to the year 1876—our centennial year?

We have seen that Congress cannot be charged with having ignored the sculptors who flourished during the first century of the Republic. Turn now to the matter of history. Does the art of the capital city commemorate the men who reared this nation? Here again are to be found some surprises for the hasty and inconsiderate. Suppose we take for our measuring rod the decision of the electorate of the Hall of Fame in New York—not that any one person would agree to the list in its entirety, but because it represents the best judgment available.

The first name is that of George Washington, who is fitly commemorated here, not only in the name now borne by what he modestly called "The Federal City," but also by the obelisk that dominates the District of Columbia by day, making ever varying pictures as its towering height plays with every change of atmosphere. Personally, I resent the effect produced by throwing a searchlight on the apex of the monument at night—it seems to belittle the dignified shaft.

Next, Lincoln, whose memorial stands with that of Washington on the main axis laid down by L'Enfant, the axis so carelessly or ignorantly ignored by the builders of the Monument, and now restored in the plan of 1901. The Lincoln Memorial is a part of a great composition, both borrowing from, and imparting to, the other members a dignity and a grandeur obtained only from such noble association. Architecture, sculpture, painting and landscape architecture can do no more than here they are doing to create a commemorative work expressive of national gratitude and admiration.

By a strange coincidence the third and fourth names on Fame's roll, Webster and Franklin, are represented on our streets through the generosity of a private citizen, the late Stilson Hutchins. The "Webster" by Trentanove and the "Franklin" by an unknown artist, seemed to be a span of gift-horses that Congress had not the courage to look in the face; and now they bid fair to become a pair of elephants. When, a few months ago, it was seriously proposed to place the "Franklin" in front

of the post office, the Commission of Fine Arts interposed this conclusive objection, that the scale of the statue was too small, thus disposing of an attempt to endorse by promotion a statue that should be replaced by a memorial more worthy of the greatest mind this country has produced, and of a patriot second to none other.

Few of the people who now gaze through the iron fence can realize the transformation planned when the memorial to General Grant was located in the grounds of the Botanical Gardens. For fifteen years the sculptor Shradý has been at work on the most extensive commission for sculpture ever authorized by Congress—just three years longer than Saint-Gaudens took for his "Sherman." Of the brain and heart's blood that have gone into this nearly finished work the future will tell. Today, lacking the central equestrian group, the long mass of white marble pedestal, with the flanking artillery and cavalry groups in place, stands in the alien company of an overpowering cast iron fountain and towering greenhouses. Some day brick wall and iron fence, fountain and greenhouses will be cast aside like a cocoon, and then will appear the great square designed by L'Enfant as the head of the Mall, with the Grant Memorial as its chief ornament. Just now, unfortunately, there is a movement to prevent the clearing away of the obstructions and to continue and even to extend in the Mall the badly located and wholly inadequate Botanical Gardens. This movement may delay but cannot prevent the realization of the plan.

After Grant comes John Marshall, whose statue by Story has been adverted to. There is a touch of historic irony in the location, on the west front of the legislative halls, of the man who alone by the logic and force of his judicial opinions built up a body of fundamental principles of government at the very time that President Jefferson and Congress were doing their utmost to break down the teachings of Hamilton and the Federalists. In days to come, when the Supreme Court shall be crowded out of the old Senate Chamber—one of the best proportioned rooms in America—and shall be housed in a building of their own, probably they will wish to

take with them the statue of the greatest of Chief Justices. Then, doubtless, the learned Justices will desire memorials also of Kent and Story, who are on the New York roll.

Greatest among the bronze peripatetics of Washington is the French sculptor d'Anvers' "Jefferson," which in 1834 was given to Congress by Captain Levy, U. S. N., to ornament the Capitol Grounds. From 1850 for a quarter of a century, this particular "Jefferson" stood in front of the White House, where the fountain now plays as often as a restricted water supply will permit. In 1874 he strolled back to the Capitol and found a place in Statuary Hall, whence in 1900 he was called to take a higher place in the Rotunda.

Neither Emerson, who stands eighth on the roll, nor Irving, Hawthorne, Cooper, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Poe, Bryant, Bancroft or Motley, all of whose names are inscribed in the Temple of Fame, find standing room in Washington. The wonder is that Couper's Longfellow has been accorded a place. Among divines there is no Jonathan Edwards, Henry Ward Beecher, Channing or Phillips Brooks; but there is Couper's "Witherspoon," who is not on the list of immortals. I suspect, however, that while he stands in front of the Church of the Covenant "Witherspoon" was permitted to occupy public grounds by virtue of the fact that he signed the Declaration of Independence, rather than because he belongs to the Presbyterian hierarchy. In any event, he has displaced a fountain; and in my judgment the city is the loser by the substitution.

Among inventors Fulton represents the State of Pennsylvania in Statuary Hall, but neither Morse nor Whitney is commemorated, although the photographers of America have set up on the Smithsonian grounds a monument to Daguerre, who has not been accounted worthy of a niche in the Hall of Fame. Audubon, Asa Gray and Agassiz, the naturalists, are wanting, as is also George Peabody, the great philanthropist, whose name is kept green by benefactions both North and South, as well as in England; and we do not find Horace Mann, the great educator, or Gilbert Stuart, the painter. And why, therefore, Hahnemann?



ADAMS MEMORIAL

BY

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

ROCK CREEK CEMETERY—WASHINGTON, D. C.



McMILLAN MEMORIAL

BY

HERBERT ADAMS

McMILLAN PARK—WASHINGTON, D. C.

When we come to naval heroes, Farragut, Barry and John Paul Jones find places, the first being represented by Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie's statue in Farragut Square; the second by John Boyle's group in Franklin Square; and the last by Charles Henry Niehaus' recent creation on the edge of the Tidal Basin. Then, too, we have the Launt Thompson's statue of Admiral Dupont, who is not on the roll—a work which the family of the subject have happily decided to replace by a memorial more worthy, as they believe, of the man and the city.

Of the five women accounted famous in the New York group—Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, Maria Mitchell, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Frances E. Willard—only the last is recognized in Washington and she is crowded among the denizens of Statuary Hall, where she stands by the grace of the State of Illinois.

General Jackson stands low down on Fame's roll, although he ranks high in Washington. On first consideration, it seems strange that neither John Adams nor John Quincy Adams has his great merits signalized in either marble or bronze; but their native State of Massachusetts is equally remiss, a fact to be accounted for by the supposition that affection as well as worth enters into the ordering of a statue. There is, however, one quite unaccountable omission: Alexander Hamilton, first among our financiers and high in the roll of patriots, still awaits commemoration. Happily, this omission is soon to be remedied through private generosity, and before long the creator of national credit will be standing on the south front of the Treasury, where he will gaze at the equestrian statue of General Sherman, and doubtless will wonder when that particular place, or some other in connection with the Treasury, shall be occupied by Senator and Secretary John Sherman.

There are two other strange omissions: neither Madison nor Henry Clay is included among the supposed adornments of the city of Washington. Virginia passed over Madison in favor of General Robert E. Lee, who represents that State in Statuary Hall. Perhaps some day Kentucky will be ready to commemorate

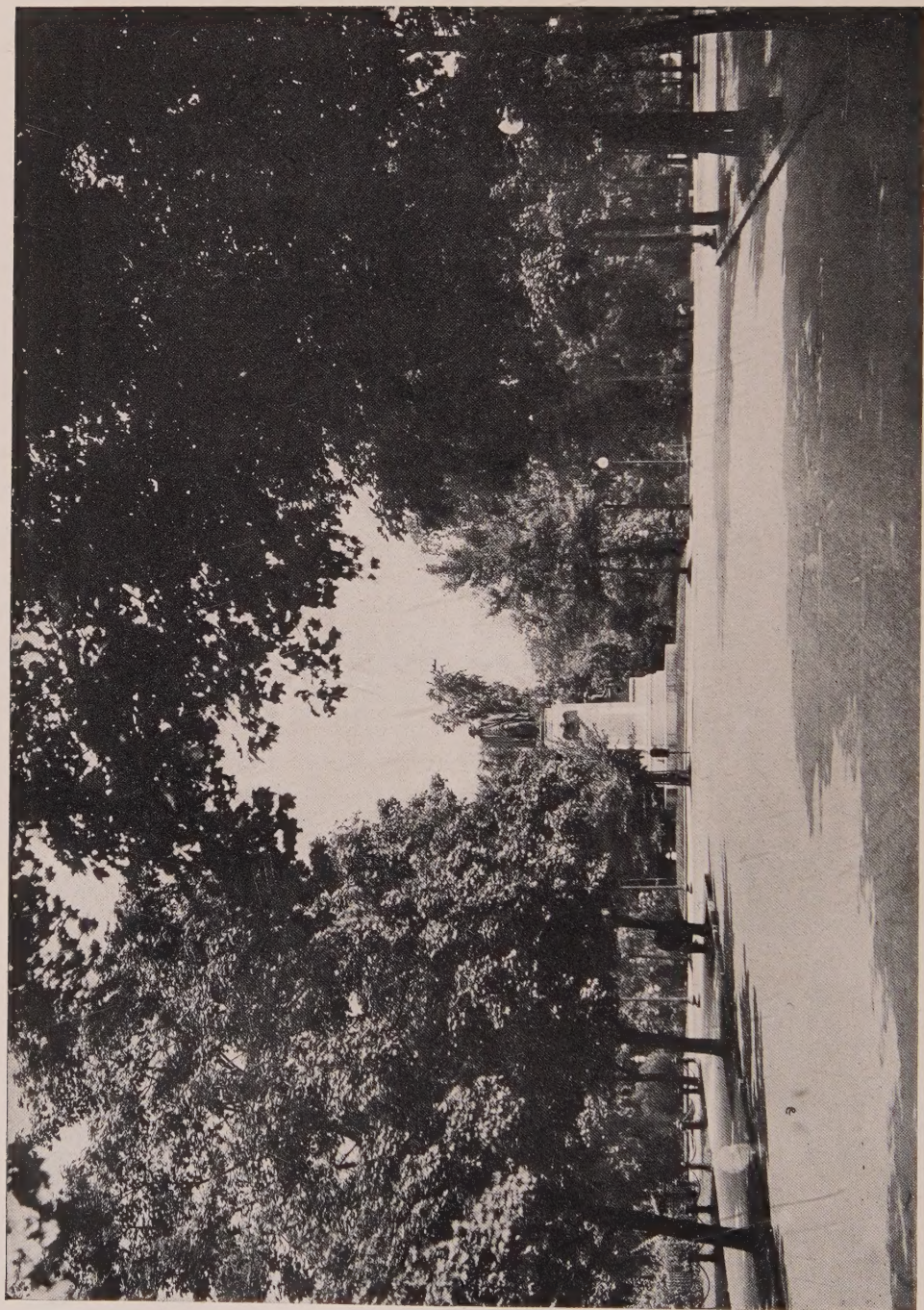
that one-time idol of the country, Henry Clay; but Madison belongs to the formative period of the Nation and should have a place all his own.

Of the fifty names now included in the Hall of Fame seventeen are commemorated more or less adequately in Washington—certainly a large proportion when we omit those whose services were not rendered directly to the upbuilding or the preservation of the structure of the Nation.

It is much too strong a statement to say that the statues of Civil War heroes erected in Washington add a new terror to war. Quick to anticipate the judgment of history, squares and circles in the central portions of the city were set apart for memorials to men who have less historic importance than others not so honored. The first of these statues was Bailey's "General Rawlins," for which Congress made an appropriation of \$13,000. Undoubtedly, Rawlins deserves all the praise Grant's Memoirs accord him; but he was in no sense a leader. General Rawlins was first set up in Rawlins' Square; but it was agreed that he should have a more prominent location, and he was removed to a site near Center Market where no one notices him in the crowd. The place vacated will soon be suitably occupied by Bartlett's charming fountain, to be erected by the civil engineers in honor of Alfred Noble.

Next came Rebisso's "McPherson," whose tragic death at the opening of the battle of Atlanta stirred the Army of the Tennessee thus to record their admiration. In 1879 came J. Q. A. Ward's really fine equestrian of General Thomas, who won the affections of the Army of the Cumberland in spite of his military blunders. So well pleased was this organization with their sculptor that in 1887 they set on the west front of the Capitol grounds a statue of another of their popular favorites, General James A. Garfield, although they had him depicted not as a soldier but as a statesman. Thus it happened, curiously enough, that if we except Washington, whose claims are manifold, Lincoln and Garfield are the only Presidents of the United States to be honored, as such, with monuments in Washington.

The curious working of the Congressional



CONNECTICUT AVENUE AND H STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C. STEUBEN MONUMENT BY ALBERT JAEGER IN DISTANCE
ON THE CORNER OF LAFAYETTE SQUARE



FRANKLIN SQUARE FROM 14TH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C. STATUE OF COMMODORE BARRY BY JOHN DOYLE

THE TREES OF WASHINGTON ARE THE CITY'S GLORY

mind is shown by the fact that the statue of General Hancock antedates the statues of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan; that Meade still waits the commemoration recently undertaken by the State of Pennsylvania; and that General McClellan has been ennobled in bronze far beyond his historical deserts.

From 1891 to 1910 Congress expressed gratitude to those distinguished foreigners who rendered valuable service in our war for independence—Lafayette, Rochambeau, Pulaski and Von Steuben, the latter statue only being executed by a sculptor classed as an American. To the list, Americans of Polish descent added the figure of Kosciuszko, also by a foreign artist. Of course, it is incongruous that four of these statues should occupy the square opposite the White House dominated by General Andrew Jackson, the hero of another war. Of the Kaiser's gift of the statue of Frederick the Great, it need only be said, that in its Roosevelt-given place at the Army War College, it is quite innoxious.

After 1876, a new impulse came to American sculpture, through the advent of men whose art is universal rather than local. That these artists are represented in Washington is due not so much to Congress as to private initiative. Comparisons are unwise and estimates of contemporary artists are unsafe. Notwithstanding this, I presume few will dispute the statement that in the Saint-Gaudens' memorial to Mrs. Adams, Washington possesses a work of sculpture as fine as anything that ever has been done in this country. Moreover, in spite of the remoteness of location and the difficulty of finding it, in Rock Creek Cemetery, no other work of art in Washington is really seen by so many people. Undoubtedly the element of mystery in both figure and setting, has to do with its fame; but I prefer to think that the interest comes most largely from the fact that in this memorial the sculptor has expressed (using his own words to me) "the soul face to face with the greatest of all mysteries"—the problem, if a man die shall he live again? If, some day, Farragut shall be as well treated as Dupont is to be, what better memorial to his fame could be erected in this city than a copy of the

Saint-Gaudens's "Farragut" in Madison Square, New York?

From the chisel of Daniel French we have at Kendall Green Dr. Gallaudet teaching his first deaf and dumb pupil, an early work of that sculptor and one full of grace and charm. Also the delightful little fountain in the White Lot, executed by Mr. French and Mr. Thomas Hastings as a tribute of affection and regard for Francis Millet and Major Archie Butt. And soon the Lincoln Memorial will find its soul in the permeating presence of Mr. French's adequate statue of Abraham Lincoln.

From Herbert Adams comes the McMillan fountain, distinctly and essentially a work of art, an adornment to the city and a source of pleasure to the people who climb the stairs of McMillan Park to enjoy its splashing waters. Nor should we overlook Hinton Perry's Fountain of Neptune in front of the Library of Congress.

Thus far the Spanish War has begotten no memorial in Washington; but the magnitude of the present struggle and the large part which the United States will necessarily play in the world-wide ordeal of battle, makes it certain that there will come from it hero-leaders to be commemorated by a grateful people. Let us save some good places for them; and let us trust that they may find artists worthy to keep alive the memory of their deeds.

I have endeavored to impress my belief that out-of-door art in Washington on the whole, and considering the casual and intermittent attention given to it, is fairly representative not only of the progress of sculpture in America, but also (although in a less degree) of the historic consciousness of our country. The growth of the nation in wealth; the increase in the number of sculptors; the multiplication of associations desiring to commemorate their heroes in a city which is becoming more and more the work of art it was originally designed to be—all these things require circumspection for the future. As a tentative suggestion I would advise some such axioms of art as these:

To remove an existing statue to a more important place is to endorse its value as a work of art.

A statue may be worth preserving for

historic or sentimental reasons in spite of its artistic inferiority.

No statue or other memorial should be erected in Washington unless it is a distinct contribution to the adornment of the city.

Memorials on public grounds should be confined to persons who have rendered conspicuous service to the nation.

Offers of gifts of memorials from indi-

viduals or associations should be accepted only after careful consideration of the claims of the person to be commemorated.

A permanent board of historians should pass upon qualifications for sculptural immortality.

The Commission of Fine Arts should be sustained in its efforts to protect Washington from unworthy and inappropriate works of artists.



THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE

JEROME MYERS

JEROME MYERS

BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

WHEN a decorative artist of selective, subtle taste goes in search of subjects to the ragged fringe of a great city or to any spot in it where the human pattern is poor and plain and the texture of life worn threadbare, we are invariably surprised. Sometimes our surprise is what the artist intended. It is his delight to show us that aesthetic beauty may be found in the most unpromising places. Down on London's docks Whistler noted more than the reek of tar and beer, and the welter of rubbish. He noted also arabesques of poetic suggestion and tracteries of delicate design and musical passages of colorful tone. Then there is the case of

Frank Brangwyn. With a rift of light across a stormy sky and a moving mass of men against a background of sun-shot masonry this decorator makes us feel a sense of the drama of labor in a crowded world. He is never more romantic than when exercising his function in smoky Hammersmith. If then a decorative artist of selective, subtle taste seeks his subjects in the slums, it is plain that he is in the mood for adventure; for an expedition to confront and capture beauty in whatever disguise it may happen to assume.

When a realistic artist, blunt of speech and of sardonic temper, goes to the meaner suburbs and the slums, where so many



SUNDAY MORNING

JEROME MYERS

subjects seem made especially for his hand, where the plain facts of the case cry out so loud for his commentary, where sad stories can be worked up at any street corner and the shadows of alleyways and doorways contain sinister suggestions, where, in short, fascination awaits the sympathetic, the sternly serious and the merely curious—when a realist goes to the slums, we are *not* surprised. The question inevitably arises “How far is art committed to the search only for beauty? Or, to put it differently, has ugliness its place in art?” Such questions have been answered long ago and they need not detain us now. It is not what we see that is beautiful in art, but the way we see it. There is art in finding beauty in the midst of ugliness where we did not know that beauty could exist. And there is also art in sharply recognizing and transcribing the particular *character* of the prevailing ugliness so that the very truth of the statement satisfies our aesthetic

sense. Truth is the one virtue which all realists recognize. The objective attitude is for some reason or other regarded by them all as necessary. However, if they are artists, they are also individualists, and if you give six of them the same subject to paint, you will have six aspects of the one truth. In the slums of a great city one painter’s philosophy will have a literary flavor, and a didactic intention. He will, after the manner of Hogarth, “point a moral or adorn a tale.” Another man will boast an absorbing interest in watching the “masses”—watching them with a wink in the eye, like Jan Steen of Holland, or with a more or less morbid sociological curiosity, like Toulouse-Lautrec of Paris, and John Sloan of New York. As for the numerous disciples of Daumier and Degas, their sociological bent is often merely a pretext for the indulgence of cleverly sarcastic line; satirical drawing which verges closely upon caricature. With all



NIGHT MISSION

JEROME MYERS

this school ugliness is too often a much-desired end in itself.

Now there is one realist who sketches the lower East Side of New York and is usually classified with the other painters of that profitable district although he is in reality out of sympathy with their point of view. I refer to Jerome Myers. Here is a man who is not a journalist, nor a socialist, nor a sensationalist of any sort, but a kindly observer with a passion for humanity. He sees beauty in the crowds on Hester Street, and he thinks that beauty is the best thing an artist can look for on his way through the world. It is not, however, an abstract beauty which he seeks. He does not idealize his homely subjects. Nor does he exaggerate their homeliness. His criticism of the radical realists would be that with all their claims to absolute frankness they do not paint "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," but make their reports as sensational as they dare while maintaining

their reputation of accurate reporting. Now Myers never paints the whole truth for that would involve indecency and ugliness and he believes that it is not well for life that art should be indecent and ugly. But Myers does insist that whatever truth is presented by a realist shall be "nothing but the truth." I remember his annoyance upon observing in a picture of the East Side a wash line suspended across the street. He had lived and worked in that district for thirty years and never had he seen such a thing. Yes, he has lived in the lower East Side for so long a time that it is home to him. He draws and etches and paints the life of the people there with such rare sympathy and insight because he has made himself one of them. He expresses the character of the scenes not as a clever ruthless impressionist recording his momentary sensations, but as a native who unconsciously gives out the sympathy and insight which he has acquired, and talks

with an unmistakable ring of genuine self-expression in his voice about his years of experience in the neighborhood. The very reticences of Myers reveal him. He is proud to show us the scenes which he is never tired of watching and he refuses to tell us of the incidents which he hates to remember.

Jerome Myers loves to see again and

circles of a Night Mission tent as if they are eagerly seeking salvation. In another they are dancing to the magic music of a hand-organ. Round and round they go, swinging each other, and the swarthy grinder of tunes grins his satisfaction, while "the good wife she throw her tambourine into the sky." The sequel represents the same children following through the streets the



AN EAST SIDE RECREATION PIER

JEROME MYERS

again the East Side children. He loves childhood everywhere, but especially exuberant childishness under no well-bred restraint. The children of the tenements have a hard time of it no doubt, but when they play they go at it with a glee which is infectious. Children appear in most of the Myers paintings, and he has made hundreds of drawings of the youngsters without so much as showing any signs of blunting the edge of his enthusiasm. In one well known picture the curiosity of the "kids" has carried them into the innermost

hurdy-gurdy's fascination. The picture is humorously entitled "The Pursuit of Pleasure." But Myers has not always that smiling twinkle in his eye. There are moods of intense sadness in the man. So well does he know the human body (one would say with a physician's and well as with an artist's knowledge) that his sympathy is expressed in poignant lines. We know how the little boy feels as he swings high up over one of those dusty, dreary, necessary playgrounds, and we share the backache of the old man on the park bench,

the pitiful comfort of the hard-seat after his painful walk.

Even as Breughel and Teniers and Steen loved to paint the recreations and amusements of the poor, so Jerome Myers enjoys his self-imposed mission of representing the East Side people of New York taking their pleasure when and where they can find it, delighting in the communities of race and creed, their intimacies of social intercourse, their novelties of public entertainment. The beauty of contentment is the never-failing theme with Myers. In every age the agitators talk loudest and the cheerful philosophers are regarded as old-fashioned and amiable "characters." But these philosophers are just the men the world cannot do without, for they practice their love and sympathy and they go about collecting reasons for being hopeful and helpful as other men collect curios and grievances. When they are endowed with a gift of apt expression they make good artists, for their habit of selecting as subjects only what they want to see and of practicing the expression of only what they want to say, is good training for the necessary selection and specialization of the artist. Very soon their philosophy and their art become synonymous.

The painting of Jerome Myers is absolutely innocent of any of the acquired dogmas and favorite devices of the painter's profession, and yet, especially in pastel, it is an art admirably adapted to the artist's self-expression. Even in oil painting the sensitive drawing expresses his sympathetic and affectionate understanding, and the dull, opaque, harmonious colors convey a characteristic mood of tenderness and veiled sadness. His palette may be a bit muddy and his colors may have no vital power, but their very dullness is true to type since he prefers to paint the twilight hour when tones are naturally subdued and saddened. I believe that Myers thinks of the world as a gray old place with many lovable beauties never altogether lost in the gloom of it. As for his "values," they are often conspicuously wrong. In such cases, however, his emphasis will be found quite as conspicuously right.

I am thinking of a little picture which Myers painted for me in my presence. The place is an East Side Recreation Pier, and

the time of day, twilight of a murky, autumn evening. A faint flush lingers along the leaden sky. The background is muffled in the gloaming, but one can see shipping on the river, and on the distant shore a few home lights. Along the railing of the pier sit a dimly visible row of mothers and children, one old man in their midst. But the foreground is the subject. A sturdy, lovely little girl of perhaps six years, exquisitely drawn and painted, stops impulsively in her play to lean over a baby's cradle. A sudden breeze lifts her skirt and her tangle of pale yellow curls. Her impulse is one of motherly tenderness for the wee baby. In another moment she will be off again, romping with the small, towsled-headed Italian playmate who stands waiting for her, his hands deep in his pockets. These children are perhaps, too clearly seen, whereas the figures immediately behind them are rather *too* much obscured in the dusk. The values are deliberately "out," for the theme of the picture is the unquenchable freshness and vividness of childhood defying envelopment in any dingy environment. Whistler would have seen to it that the figures were consistently grayed by the twilight. Myers, the kindly philosopher (who happens to be able to draw like a great artist), lays his emphasis for emotional rather than realistic or aesthetic effect.

WILL S. TAYLOR'S MURAL PAINTINGS OF INDIANS

IN the Museum of Natural History, New York, there is an interesting series of sixteen panels by Will S. Taylor illustrating the early life and history of Alaska and British Columbia Indians. These are in what is known as the North Pacific Hall.

These paintings, four of which through the courtesy of the Museum are reproduced in this number of the *American Magazine of Art*, are placed in sequence on the long walls, and are of such proportions that the figures appear full size. They are charming in color, atmospheric and decorative in effect, sufficiently enlivened by the story element to attract and hold attention and yet fundamentally and essentially works of art.



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COURTESY OF AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

BELLA COOLA, P. C.—WELCOMING CEREMONY

A MURAL PAINTING BY WILL S. TAYLOR

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK



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COURTESY OF AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

TSIMSHIAN, B. C.—DOG EATING CEREMONY
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KWAKWUITL. B. C.—POTLATCH CEREMONY

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NOOTKA, B. C.—WOOING CEREMONY

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AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK

PERSONALITY IN ARCHITECTURE

BY BIRGE HARRISON

THE recent extension of rapid-transit facilities has brought many of the towns of Northern New Jersey within the metropolitan radius of New York City, and they have become the chosen residence of a certain number of well-to-do business and professional men who have built commodious and often beautiful homes in one or another of the suburban districts. These are quite frequently planted in the midst of wide lawns; and gardens—formal and otherwise—add greatly to their attractiveness and charm.

I have recently had the pleasure of passing a week-end in one of these delightful houses—I had almost said the honor, so redolent was the whole place of a certain antique dignity, so strongly did it emanate an atmosphere of formal old-time reserve. The structure was of the pure colonial type—a type of home architecture which has never been surpassed anywhere—one of those beautiful old mansions of brick and wood which we know and love so well in Salem and Portsmouth and Rockland, and many another New England town and village. So conscientiously, almost religiously, had the architect adhered to the past traditions of the epoch, that not a detail of lintel or cornice was out of date. It would have been no surprise on entering the white panelled drawing-room to find a be-powdered and periwigged gentleman in small clothes ready to receive one with that courteous and benign dignity which we inevitably associate with the original designers and builders of these gracious old houses. Indeed during the short time of my stay in this house I was never able to divest myself of the feeling that sooner or later in drawing-room or library, or upon the stair-landing perhaps, where that so excellent imitation of the grandfather clock was placed, I should encounter the real owner and proprietor of the mansion.

It was as if the house were still inhabited by those whose needs and ideals it was designed to meet, and vague whisperings filled the corners of the drawing-room and the chintz-draped bed chambers at night. I was convinced moreover that the present

owners and residents of the place had the same feeling in regard to it as I had. They were always more or less self-conscious and ill at ease in the white panelled drawing room, as if they were well aware that they did not belong, and were only in residence temporarily, and, as it were, on sufferance. Indeed in the truer sense this was actually the case, for the house did not in any way reflect their character, nor was it an outgrowth of their ideals and their manner of life in this twentieth century of ours. Not that my friends were inferior either in character or in intelligence to the fine old gentlemen who built these splendid Colonial houses. They were different, that was all. They might easily have found themselves quite as much out of place in a Roman Villa or a Chinese Pagoda.

Now here we are brought face to face with the problem of the true relation of art to life. Should the art of a people be the free and untrammelled expression of that peoples' ideals of beauty (whatever they might chance to be), or should this expression be subject to the arbitrage, and, if necessary, to the correction of experts who are conversant with the art of all the ages, and who it would appear might thus quite reasonably be accepted as judges and censors of what should and what should not be allowed to remain as the permanent expressions of their nation's art.

To this I think there can be but one answer. Great art always has been and it must always continue to be the sincere and intimate expression of the people or the individual to whom it owes its birth. Just as soon as it becomes subject to rule-of-thumb its end is in sight. It begins fatally to ossify and deteriorate, and the professor of art and the *doctrinaire* might not inaptly be described as its funeral directors.

It is undoubtedly owing to the fact that there were no architects in pre-Revolutionary America that we owe our own Colonial architecture, which, in my opinion, remains the finest expression of domestic architecture which the world has ever seen. Our Colonial was born of the collaboration of a class of highly educated

gentleman with a class of highly-trained master builders, a class such as the world of today knows not. These men were not only master-builders, but they were master-mechanics and wood workers who did not quail before the most complicated piece of carving which was demanded by some of the intricate mantels and mouldings of the old Virginia mansions. The plans were almost invariably furnished by the gentleman-proprietors.

Thomas Jefferson has left us a detailed account of the building of Monticello, which remains one of the most perfect specimens of domestic architecture of its own or of any other epoch. A work on Greek architecture was to be found in almost every gentleman's library of that day, and they obtained their effects in part by the happy application of classic ornament to very simple squares and parallelograms, for the Colonial houses are always very simple, almost austere in their main lines. But the beauty and distinction of so many of these old houses was mainly due to the almost perfect spacing of doors and windows, to an innate sense of order and proportion which was a dominating characteristic of the race and of the time, and which is expressed as clearly in the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution of the United States, as it is in the work of the old Colonial builders.

In a like way we can point to the Tudor and the Queen Anne style, of England, to the Renaissance style in Italy and to the Chateau architecture of France as examples of individuality in domestic architecture for these varying styles were in each case a direct outgrowth of the ideals and the characteristics of their own race and time.

Now what is there in the line of architecture in our own country and in our own time to which we can point as distinctively American—as deriving from our own needs and ideals and characteristics as a people? Unquestionably the one thing which will answer all these requirements is the skyscraper of New York City—often as splendid and grandiose a structure as the world has ever seen—meeting new and unique requirements in a logical way, and for that very reason achieving a new distinction in form which was never before imagined or dreamed of. As a painter I

never cease to marvel at the unexpected beauty of some of these fairy-like structures, towering skyward with an airy grace and lightness that is bewilderingly lovely. But in the line of purely domestic architecture we have been less fortunate, for with the single exception of the suburban bungalow we have to our credit almost nothing which is original and new, or which responds to the new conditions of life which at present obtain.

It is perhaps just because we are passing through a transition stage, a time of social flux and experiment that no domestic architecture which has a definite meaning has come to us. Just as in the city we continue to vibrate between the single residence and the bee-hive apartment house, so life in the suburb has established no definite tenure and therefore makes no definite demands upon the house-builder. But of one thing we may be quite certain, if a new style of domestic architecture should ever come to us here in America it will come in response to some strong and compelling call which cannot be denied, and it will be impressed with a personality and a character which will be the direct expression of the need which called it forth. It will be as modern as is the steel-mill and the aeroplane.

In the cities it is of course possible that the exigencies of restricted space may more and more force our people to accept the phalanstery idea—the close quarters of the community or apartment house; but the family ideal, which is the fundamental underlying basis of all human society, will ever continue to demand individual family homes in the country districts or wherever the space will allow it. I think therefore that we may confidently look forward to the coming of a new American style of home architecture in the not far distant future—a style which will reflect the American character of our own day as truly as did Colonial style reflect that of our forefathers. But it is, I think, so evident as not to call for insistence, that this new style can never come until we cease to servilely copy the styles of our predecessors. I would, therefore, plead for a certain declaration of independence on the part of our American home builders, a refusal in future to accept without question the

borrowed plans of the commercial architect and an insistence upon the carrying out of their own individual ideas with the help of expert builders and mechanics. If it is urged that this suggestion is little less than iconoclastic, that it would in all probability

lead to a sort of architectural anarchy, I would reply "so be it", better that than the hopeless and anesthetizing unending copy of the past. Besides has not every great reform been preceded by a short period of anarchy?

SHEFFIELD—A WORLD CITY*

BY W. S. PURCHON, M.A.

Lecturer in Architecture at the University of Sheffield

ARTHUR STEELE left Sheffield with a number of other young men in the autumn of the year 1914. After the War he visited England for a few days, and then decided to try his fortune as a farmer in a somewhat remote part of Canada. Here he settled down, seeing little or nothing of city life, until the summer of 1950, when a letter from an old Sheffield friend makes him long for the scenes of his childhood, to which, being now of independent means, he at once returns.

The journey over at last, the train draws up at a platform in a railway station which reminds him of some he has seen in passing through America, a station which startles him almost as much as the groups of people of various nationalities he sees about him.

Leaving the station with his friend, he walks down a broad road and notes with interest the fine business premises on each side, and straight ahead the Town Hall, which, he discovers a little later, is grouped with other public buildings of a similar character, bounding an open space of some considerable dimensions, and containing in its centre a restful formal garden. From this space several broad roads branch out, and going a short distance down three or four of them he finds in each case a somewhat similar open space. The first he investigates is the main shopping center,

containing, he thinks, a somewhat excessive proportion of bookshops, and the bookshops themselves exhibiting a remarkable number of books whose titles, being in foreign tongues, he is unable to read. The second road brings the two friends to the central educational establishments, again grouped around a great open space. The Public Library draws from Steele the comment, "We hadn't these advantages when I was a boy."

Outside the Art Gallery a neatly lettered sign draws attention to a Loan Collection of Modern French Sculpture. Great hotels and restaurants, many of them bearing strangely foreign signs, greet his eye presently, but the climax comes when he reaches what seems to him a superior form of Leicester Square.

One of the theatres announces a Russian opera which his friend assures him has just taken Sheffield by storm. "They made the mistake of trying it in London first, as they used to do in the old days, but it didn't pay." At this, Steele asks to be taken to the East End of the City, hoping that there he will feel more at home, but he finds that the East has changed no less strikingly than the center. The little houses and shops have all gone, and most of the streets and roads have disappeared. In their place he finds works—nothing but works—

*This article was originally printed in *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of September 5, 1915, with the purpose of stimulating the imagination of Sheffield citizens in the direction of town planning. It was printed for a second time in *The Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects* in the hope that "it might induce others to take up the work of interesting the general public in the art of architecture and town planning." It is reprinted here because of its intrinsic interest and as evidencing the courageous outlook of our fellow workers in England, a courage which has given them the ability to look beyond the present. While not intended as "a serious contribution to the literature on town planning," it will be found suggestive in several ways, most of all perhaps by pointing out the wisdom of not postponing work of this and similar kinds until the war is over.—THE EDITOR.

and even the works are vastly different from those he remembered. In the old days he had been employed by one of Sheffield's great steel firms, and his friend, who had worked with him and is now a manager, shows him round the new place, drawing attention, with some little pride, to the stately block of offices, the great canteens, the perfectly equipped ambulance rooms, the lavatory block containing washing sprays, slipper and shower baths, and the rooms in which the workers leave their working clothes before bathing and changing into their outer garments. The orderliness of the works came as a complete surprise—nothing seemed haphazard, all the parts seemed to fit harmoniously together to form a complete whole. And in the waiting-rooms and lobbies, more foreigners, Oriental and Occidental.

Leaving the works, a swift, silent motor-bus takes them out to a charming garden suburb—the real thing, not a collection of traveller's samples. His friend explains to Steele that there are several of these suburbs, each with its own shopping center, its schools, its churches, library, swimming-bath, recreation rooms, and playing fields.

"But how did Sheffield manage to change like this inside twenty-five years?" Steele asks his friend as they walk on the moors during the evening.

"Well," says the friend, "it was something like this. As the war was drawing to a close Sheffield realized that great expansion and great changes were inevitable, and after a lot of discussion it was decided to lay down a complete plan of the Sheffield of the future. There was a sort of prize competition for the best plan, and when this was finally approved by a committee of experts, we stuck to it, and every time new buildings were put up or new roads made they had to fit in with the plan. It was all a bit scrappy for a few years, but the foreign trade of Sheffield was developing by leaps and bounds (thanks largely to another committee of experts), and it was surprising how rapidly the gaps filled up and the scheme developed. We had learnt to scrap out-of-date machinery years before, and we started to scrap out-of-date, inefficient roads and buildings.

"Of course, they gave the East End up to the works, and put on services of motor-

buses to these new suburbs, besides the inner and outer circle services. Canteens had been started during the war at several of the works, and as the workers began to live further away more canteens had to be built; and then came the cloak-rooms and the shower-baths and all the rest of it.

"Everybody got hold of the idea of 'The Sheffield of the Future,' as we used to say and we gradually found that the new ideas, which for long we had looked upon as vain dreams, were not only more pleasant than the old, but they actually paid. Why, for one thing, only a small one perhaps, half of Yorkshire and most of Derbyshire and Lincolnshire come to Sheffield to shop instead of going to London."

"All the worst parts of the city got pulled down first, of course, and soon there wasn't a back-to-back house left. Sheffield became a lot healthier, the amount of sickness among the workers fell rapidly, and the children one saw about began to look sounder and stronger."

"Yes," said Steele, "I think I can quite see all that, but what about the smoke? It used to be pretty bad, and there doesn't seem to be any worth mentioning now."

"Oh, *smoke*, yes; there was a great deal of excitement about that. A young fellow at the University it was who took that up. We used to say we couldn't make steel without smoke, but he said he could make better steel without than we could with, and we let him try. That was about 1920, when we were just getting into the habit of trying new things. The Government granted £10,000 for his experiments, and they would have been cheap at ten times that. I remember I had a bet on it. I bet he couldn't do it, and I lost a fiver. That helped to get me into the new way of thinking. We used to say, 'What was good enough for my father is good enough for me,' and we altered that to 'What was good enough for my father won't be good enough for my son.'"

"Did all the big cities do the same as Sheffield?"

"No, most of them said, 'Let's wait and see what things are like after the war'; they got left behind badly. Luckily we said 'The committees won't cost much, and the schemes won't cost much, and if the boom comes we shall be ready for it.'"

OLGA DE BOZNANSKA

BY AMELIA DOROTHY DEFRIES

TWO women loom above all the others in Paris as portrait painters. One is an English woman, Beatrice Howe, and the other a Pole, Olga de Boznanska. Miss Boznanska's work is full of the temperament of her race and perhaps of all her pictures, I like best the portrait of Mlle. de Papara. It is a magnificent achievement. The character of the sitter being most sensitively expressed, with a hidden strength, a reserve force which is in all her work. The hands are for Miss Boznanska quite as important as the face, and in the pose of these hands, as well as the movement suggested in the flesh-painting she has shown herself to be on a level with any modern master of portraiture. The color of the flesh is the peculiar, transparent cream of her race, and the way the artist has handled the blacks could not be excelled. The modelling of bone and the structure of the figure shows a power of observation and a knowledge of anatomy rare among women who too often do not get down to the very skeleton in the way this artist does. Her painting seems almost sculptural in the way it is built up, and not painted on to the canvas. It is often, and wrongly, said that the Impressionists did not study, and were not accurate in detail. Here is a living example to the contrary. But Miss Boznanska is not interested in small detail; what interests her is, first and last and all the time the character of her sitter. To get this she knows that it is essential to get the drawing of the form and the features absolutely true; and she knows too that the composition of a portrait should hang upon the pose of the model. In the picture of this hunchback there is a whole life's story in the position she has taken, as well as in the intellectual, resigned, reserved, determined and strong expression in face and hands. The sorrow and the sweetness in the mouth and the understanding in the eyes as well as the raised eyebrows, clearly give you the clue to a woman whose life has been a martyrdom, yet who has never flinched nor complained. One knows instinctively that she is a student and a

follower of the Bible; perhaps also of Tolstoi. To most people a plain woman, to this artist she has seemed a beautiful one. Looking at the picture you can almost know how she would act upon any given occasion, or in any emergency. You know her voice is low and gentle; in fact you can write a novel about her at your leisure.

This is portraiture, nothing less is. Notice the effortless position of the figure upon the canvas; no attempt at originality, yet is not the whole original? Is there any other portrait exactly like this? No. Because if you are as excellent an artist as this Pole, whoever you paint, your picture will be original for the simple reason that no two people are alike. But not every good painter has this woman's genius for delineating character. She told me, quite simply, that she merely tries to record what she sees. She has no other aim in her work.

Here is her record of Emil Verhaeran, the great Flemish poet, the author of "Villes Tentaculaires" and "Campagnes Hallucinaires," whom Geddes calls the greatest living poet. Look at the hands in this picture. They express the whole man. Evidently he talks with his hands and gesticulates when he gets enthusiastic over anything. The calm of a philosopher is in his face and eyes, on his thoughtful brow; a gentle student, you would say, until you see his hands. All the emotion of his race and of his personality will come out there, for only his hands have been allowed free play. For the rest, he has subdued himself to the laws of the universe. A distinguished poet, and a great portrait.

No less excellent psychologically and artistically is the likeness of the Librarian of the Cracow National Library.

Miss Boznanska is no longer young and she looks as if she has come through a long period of great poverty. Whatever she earns now she makes no display, spends little upon herself, but in Paris the story of her goodness to other artists is on every lip. Like Miss Howe, she is represented in the Luxembourg and in other Public



MILLE D^e PAPARA

OLGA D^e BOZNANSKA

Galleries. She told me, "I try to put down what I see, as simply and as truly as possible." That is her creed. That is what she teaches her students at the atelier on Rue de la Grand Chamière where

her name heads the list of professors. She adores Rembrandt's *Aesop* and her work is certainly based upon a deep study of this master, but her style is that of Paris after 1880. Her coloring is curious and quite



EMIL VERHAERAN (BELGIAN POET)

OLGA DE BOZNANSKA

her own. It is strong, but not pure. She seems never to see colors separately, but always as if each one contained in itself something of the others. She loses the distinctness of outline purposely. A lesser

artist would simply arrive at confusion by this method, but she seems to see the world as a confusion, out of which certain characters emerge. With each of her portraits you feel; she has overcome the world.

Everyone says of her; "*C'est une femme mystérieuse*," and that is how I would like you to think of her. She has certainly seen deeply into life and suffered much. You will meet the worst woman in Paris in her studio, and the most fashionable—the directors of the Luxembourg; poets and

As I have said she does not see things as separate, one from another. She sees "fusion" of qualities, and for her I am sure that the scent of flowers and the touching of them, is what matters. Patterns, as such, do not interest her. All the time it is the emanations from sources that are not



OLGA DE BOZNANSKA—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

picture dealers for whose benefit she draws attention from her own work to the canvases of her latest protege who is probably sharing her studio, free of charge. Talent, she adores. "*L'Art . . . c'est la vie*."

She works more by intuition than by reason, I should say; but she has much knowledge of her craft. Her flower paintings are peculiar for they give you more of the essence, the scent, the feel, of the flower, than its actual shape.

visible that she is getting at; the essence of a person or a plant. And this, she thinks, is only to be achieved in painting by studying the outward appearance and structure of the body of the plant or person.

The sadness which runs through everything she does is the unconscious expression she gives to the sufferings of her country and her race. Miss Boznanska's work has been repeatedly shown in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

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PLEASURE IN ART

In a paper on "The Art Museum and the Public" read at the annual meeting of the American Association of Museums in New York last May, and subsequently published in the secondary pages of *The International Studio*, Mrs. Schuyler Van Renssalaer made many excellent as well as interesting suggestions among which are the following:

"It is common sense to have many seats and comfortable ones. It is as exhausting to be a 'standee' for two or three hours in a gallery as in an opera house. To look and look again does not mean a succession of hasty glances but periods of restful contemplation such as most of our Museums provide for in very few of their rooms. How often, even in the Metropolitan, so hospitable in other ways, do we think with longing of the comfortable chairs and sofas and ottomans in some of the great European galleries and in the rooms of our own art dealers! The dealers know their business. They know that they must not only permit us to see but tempt us to look, and to look long, and to come again. But one cold winter day when I had to spend hours in the well-warmed galleries of the Brooklyn Museum, wearing perforce a heavy fur coat, so encumbered by a muff and a bag that I could not use my notebook, and for miles (so I felt) in some directions finding rest only for the sole of my foot—that day I saw one of the reasons why more people do not form the Museum habit.

"Comfortable seats, we may be told, especially if they place us at good points of view, take up too much space in a Museum, and they might attract people who merely want to rest and lounge, not to look. But if the contents of the galleries are to be appreciated, to be enjoyed, the space should be given, and the cost should be borne even if it means a few works of art the less. If there is any risk of attracting idle wanderers we may well remember what M. Jusserand recently wrote of the way in which even the most famous lecture-rooms in the universities of France are open to all comers: 'The man in the street may come in if chooses, just to warm himself in winter or to avoid a shower in summer. Let him; perhaps he will listen too.'

"Really, the trouble in most of our American cities is that the people do not feel enough at home in their palaces of art. They enter them too much as though they were the palaces of kings, condescendingly opened for their timid inspection. Many are awed by the space, the silence, and what seems to them the grandeur of their unaccustomed surroundings. They do not need to be discouraged from staying too long. They need to be made to feel that they are very welcome, that the place exists for them. Many other people even among the professedly cultivated—the vogue of loan collections makes it plain—visit galleries of art as a certain kind of woman goes about among the shops, 'just to see what they have got,' and having superficially seen this, do not come again until the stock has been replenished with novelties. But in some of our public galleries it is largely the fault of the management that visitors do not more often buy with periods of quiet contemplation, and take away in their memories as their own possession forever, the treasures of beauty that are displayed before them."

In answer to the question, "What can the Museum expect to do for the people at large," she said:

"It may hope to give some of them a love of art, of beauty, that will be a perennial fount of refreshment and true pleasure. And it may hope to prove to many that material things are not all in all; to widen their horizon and temper their devotion to the cult of 'practical efficiency' by dem-

onstrating that there are matters of genuine interest apart from the bread-earning routine and the money-grasping adventure; and to improve their taste so that they may wish for decency, order, and beauty in the conduct and the surroundings of their daily lives. If it is to do this in any widespread way, if, in Emerson's words, it is so to 'open the sense of beauty' that 'vulgar manners, tricks, bad eating, yelps, and all the miscreations of ugliness will become intolerable,' it must strive for one main result which will be at the same time the root of further progress. It must convince the people that art, that beauty, is not a mere ornament of existence but a prime necessity of the eye and the soul, and that it need not be the personal possession of a few, of the rich and leisured only, but may be and should be, a general possession, an integral part of the life of the community."

Concluding she added: "Finally, let us be serious about all these matters but not too serious. Art, after all, is for the pleasuring of man's eye. It must begin with this if it is to do more by touching his imagination, by cultivating that thing called taste which has its spiritual as well as its physical side; and if it stops with the beginning, even so there is something gained. There is a great deal gained in the case of the many who, under our conditions of life, are almost wholly disinherited of harmless forms of enjoyment. . .

"So different are our conditions from those of the great productive ages of art that we forget how large a part beauty then played in the life of the commonalty. We forget, for instance, how the beautiful or at least the picturesque prevailed in the streets of medieval cities. We forget how entirely at home the people were in the churches which, in their furnishings if not in their fabric, were even more beautiful, much more beautiful, then than now. We forget that the great French cathedrals were municipal halls as well, the common meeting places of the people, and that in the nave of Old St. Paul's the Londoners did their trading and promenading, their servant hunting, even their gambling and flirting. And we forget the miracle-plays in the streets, the frequent military, civic, and ecclesiastical pageants; the gay and

diversified costumes of the people themselves. In dirt and squalor, in confusion and danger they often lived, and often under oppressive heels of power. But also, the poorest among them, they lived amid beauty, amid beauty that they themselves produced, beauty that they owned. Who shall say in how far it compensated them for whatever else they lacked?

"Today we offer our urban populations one beautiful and beneficent thing that medieval people did not have, the public park. But apart from this, what? Little excepting the Museum of Art. If they find pleasure there, even unaccompanied by such profit as we hope that many of them will also reap, surely the benefit will react upon us all; for *to be starved for pleasure is as bad for a man as to be starved for bread and is even more provocative of evil thoughts and deeds.*"

WILLIAM MACBETH

William Macbeth, who died in New York on Friday August 10th, was widely known as an art dealer, a man of excellent critical judgment and of highest individual integrity. For twenty-five years Mr. Macbeth had dealt exclusively in American paintings and had done much to advance the appreciation of American art among collectors. His uprightness of character, his kindness of disposition and his genuine love of art made him highly esteemed and his death sincerely mourned.

THE HOUDON WASHINGTON AN OPEN LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO THE EDITOR,

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART:

I note that the Committee on the Centenary of Peace between Great Britain and the United States has in contemplation the erection in London of a bronze replica of Houdon's marble statue of George Washington.

A short time ago while in Richmond I made a careful study of Houdon's Washington, which confirmed my earlier opinion that it is a mistake to reproduce this work of Art in either bronze or plaster, as in

these materials the sculpture seems to lose in dignity and fitness. It is easy to understand this deterioration when we remember that the sculptor made his studies and models for reproduction in marble. I feel that it is a great mistake to continue making these replicas in bronze, and that all replicas should be in marble.

I hope very much that others will join with me in urging the Committee to take this into consideration before having this statue reproduced.

GLENN BROWN.

NOTES

CITY PLANNING IN ILLINOIS The Northwestern University town, the city of Evanston, has accepted its first city plan from an unofficial committee of architects in residence. It is considering redistricting and zoning the city to regulate business and residential sections, and is proposing measures for scientific planting and the culture of its beautiful avenues of trees. An interesting protective measure is the turning aside of commercial traffic which originates in Chicago at the south and passes through Evanston. Either a highway west of Evanston or the new Military Road from Great Lakes and Fort Sheridan must accept the heavily loaded trucks which have enjoyed treading the streets of the beautiful college city. In the new plan, Evanston will have a civic center, attractive improvements near its station to advertise the town, an enlarged park system, a lake front scheme of pleasure grounds and an island park in Lake Michigan.

Civic organizations are being lined up to support a "Zoning Bill" before the Illinois Legislature, which when passed, will protect the aesthetics of city building in the state. The bill is such as has been tried out with success abroad. The lack of a "zoning law" is shown by the invasion of residential sections by storage warehouses, cheap and inappropriate structures and even manufacturing plants which nullify the efforts of high class residences, churches and handsome school or library buildings to add to the beauty of the city.

No park front or boulevard is safe. And not least is the fact that unprincipled real estate operators take advantage of the lack of a "zoning law" in Chicago to invade choice districts with undesirable building schemes for the sole purpose of being bought off. Reputable property owners with the good of the city at heart, have been called upon to pay fabulous sums in the aggregate, to these blackmailers. Every city in the spirit of artistic planning should have its "Zoning Bill" to keep factories, storage warehouses, and business in proper bounds and to protect homes and the beauty spots within its limits.

ART AT THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR The Illinois State Fair at Springfield, Ill., for the first time in its history this year had an adequate

exhibition of the works of artists of the state. It was held September 7th to 15th in the art hall in the Exposition building and its success was largely due to the enterprise of the Springfield Art Association of which Mrs. Howard T. Willson of Virden, Ill., is the president. There were paintings, sculpture, etchings, examples of ceramic art, photography, handicrafts and industrial art by artists of Illinois. The arrangement was tasteful and the attendance gratifying and unusually large owing to the special features.

Mr. Dudley Crafts Watson, Director of the Milwaukee Society of Fine Arts conducted gallery tours daily. Twice every day, he gave a chalk talk or painted a picture from a model explaining the mysteries of composition. Many who had never attended an art lecture before the first hearing with Mr. Watson, returned again and again.

The architectural competition for a masonry farm building under the auspices of the Illinois Chapter of the American Institute of Architects coöperating with the State Board of Agriculture aroused great interest. In making choice of a masonry farm house in preference to the picturesque wooden type, the Illinois Chapter of Architects stated that the middle west had suffered because of the lack of competent masons hence the extent of wooden houses. While masonry costs from five to fifteen per cent more in the first

outlay, it costs less to keep in repair. Herrick Hammond, president of the Illinois Chapter, George W. Maher, Robert C. Spencer and Elmer C. Jensen were advisers to the jury.

A loan collection of portraits of Illinois Statesmen and others famous in Illinois history, and a loan of contemporary American paintings from the Art Institute with an exhibit of architectural drawings by Illinois architects contributed to the success of the display. L. McC.

STORIES OF THE STATUES

The Newark Museum Association is publishing a series of educational pamphlets entitled "Stories of the Statues" which describe pieces of sculpture in the Museum's collection. The first was on "The Venus of Melos," the second "The Lion Hunt," the third "The Charioteer of Delphi," the fourth "The Colleoni."

Because the Museum Association believes it is better for the city to interest the children in good sculpture than it is to try to interest adults in it; and because it finds it much easier thus to interest the former than the latter, all these stories have been written with the intent to make them attractive to the young people. But the fact remains that they are interesting and good reading for those of greater age. The story of the Colleoni is peculiarly attractive and delightfully told. This subject was chosen because a copy of the statue (reproduced in the preceeding number of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART*), has lately been set up in Newark.

It is the conviction of the Newark Museum Association that one of the things it can do to give pleasure to citizens of Newark and to make their lives more interesting, is to treat some of the best things in the city, like parks, trees, fountains, sculptures, buildings and industries, as if they were parts of its own collections. Acting on this belief it published this pamphlet on Newark's most beautiful work in sculpture.

In the introduction to the pamphlet Mr. Dana, the Director, tells how "The Lion Hunt," a cast of an Assyrian relief, is now at the Belmont Avenue School and how a copy in plaster of "The Colleoni,"

small but full of the same fiery energy which possesses the original, is to go to the same school and be followed by "The Charioteer" and others. And how in several of the Newark schools in the next few months will be found other beautiful and interesting pieces of sculpture, all coming from the collection which formerly filled a hall on the fourth floor of the Library Building. This modest sculpture hall had to be dismantled to make room for other things, the Museum being so crowded in its present quarters. To Mr. Dana, therefore, it seemed that no better use could be found for the casts which composed it than to place them in the schools where the young people of the city could see them every day. This is in a very real way Museum Extension.

CIVIC ART IN PHILADELPHIA

The Twenty-Eighth Annual Report of the City Parks Association of Philadelphia, recently issued, is an interesting document. In it the determination to open the Fairmount Parkway throughout its proposed length is set down as the most important individual occurrence in the history of Philadelphia, under the conviction that it is great avenues such as this that make cities famous. Architects drawings for the Municipal Auditorium and the Central Free Library, to be erected on this driveway, are reproduced. One million five hundred dollars has been voted for the erection of the Auditorium and \$3,500,000 to cover the cost of the Central Free Library. Curiously enough the names of the architects are not given in either instance. Reference is also made to the Art Museum, a third fine building to be erected on the parkway for which designs and appropriations have been secured, but as yet no steps towards its erection have been taken.

Attention is called to the Schuylkill Embankment improvements and to what has been done in the way of improving water fronts in other cities. The parks, the extension of streets, tree planting, recreation centers, bill board and smoke nuisances, the parks and playgrounds large and small, all come in for thoughtful and enlightening discussion.

A WAR
PAGEANT

On the day of the draft the Department of Drama of the Carnegie Institute of Technology gave, in Pittsburgh, the first production of a War Pageant entitled, "The Drawing of the Sword," written by Thomas Wood Stevens, author and director of many pageants, including the notable ones at St. Louis and Newark. The score or more of speaking parts were taken by experienced and especially trained students of the Drama Department of the Institute, and the production was made under the personal direction of Mr. B. Iden Payne, of the Frohman producing staff. The performance occupied a little less than an hour.

The story set forth is extremely simple. To Truth, Justice and Liberty come the different nations; first, Servia, then Belgium, then France and Great Britain with her Colonies and finally the United States, telling why they have entered upon this great and terrible War. The purpose of the Pageant is to set forth in a dramatic, but at the same time beautiful manner, the intellectual viewpoint of the War, and to reach through its emotional appeal the understanding of the people, arousing patriotism and active coöperation in the noble purposes to which our Government and Allies are pledged.

The Pageant was immediately successful, the first audience being so profoundly moved as to necessitate a series of additional performances, some of which were given in the Soldiers' Memorial Hall, and the remainder outdoors on the Tech Field and were witnessed by thousands. Under the auspices of the National Security League it was next given at Chautauqua in connection with the "Training Camp for Patriotism" program. The State of West Virginia immediately thereafter booked it for two weeks in the cities of that state where it evoked ever-increasing enthusiasm.

To those who do not realize what Pageantry as an Art is, this may seem incomprehensible, but it is much more than the spoken word "dressed up." It combines the art of the drama, the art of poetry, the arts of design and decoration and finally the art of music, and it has the power to reach and stir the people as perhaps nothing else that we now know.

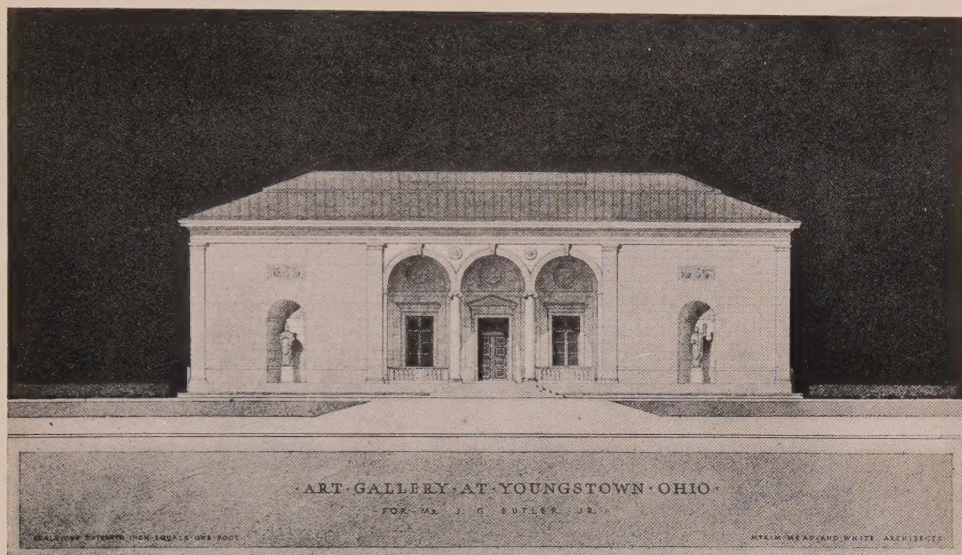
THE FREER
COLLECTION

During the past year acquisitions in considerable number from the Far East, have been made by Mr. Charles L. Freer, to the Fr  r Collection to be placed subsequently as a National possession in Washington. These include a few very rare Chinese paintings, bronzes, jades and potteries as well as several objects from other sources.

Progress has also been made in the preparation of classified records of the Oriental subjects which entail extensive research and when finished and published will be found to contain important contributions to knowledge. Mr. Frederick W. Gookin, of the Art Institute of Chicago, and his assistants have already completed the descriptive catalogue of the Japanese paintings; Mr. Langdon Warner, of Boston, has catalogued the Chinese and Japanese wood and stone sculptures; while Mr. Dana H. Carroll, of New York, has catalogued the Mesopotamian and Corean potteries and is assisting with the cataloguing of the Japanese potteries. Mr. Laurence Binyon, of the British Museum, has given important aid in connection with the Chinese paintings as have also Prof. Edmund Trelawny Backhouse, the eminent English-Chinese scholar of King's College, London; Dr. Berthold Laufer, of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, and others.

A number of experienced artist workers from the Orient have been engaged for nearly a year in remounting Chinese and Japanese paintings from kakemono form to permanent panels, which will obviate the future rolling of the paintings and will not only make exhibition much more easy, but also increase the life of the pictures.

Meanwhile work on the building which is to house this splendid collection goes forward. This building, which is to stand adjacent to the Smithsonian Institution on the Mall, will cost approximately \$1,000,000. It was designed by Mr. Charles A. Platt of New York, a member of the Federal Art Commission. Measuring 228 feet in frontage by 185 feet in depth, it will consist of a single main story above a high basement. The former having an open central court about 65 feet square is divided into rooms of different sizes all of



THE JOHN G. BUTLER, JR., ART GALLERY AT YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
MCKIM, MEAD AND WHITE, ARCHITECTS

which will be used for exhibition, while the latter contains ample studios, storage rooms, an auditorium and administrative offices. It is expected that about two and a half years will be required for the erection and completion of this building, so that installation of the collection will not take place before the latter part of 1919 or the early part of 1920.

MUSEUM FOR YOUNGSTOWN Youngstown, Ohio, is to have a beautiful little art gallery of its own. This will be erected and owned by Mr. Joseph G. Butler, Jr., President of the Mahoning Art Institute and well-known as an art collector and patron, but it will be free to the public.

The building, illustrated herewith, has been designed by McKim, Mead and White. It will have a frontage of about 125 feet, will extend back 50 feet and will be 32 feet in height. The material will be Georgia marble, the style Italian Renaissance, and the plan such that additions may be made to the rear as time passes. There will be four galleries in the main structure, three on the first floor, one on the second.

The building will be erected on the Wicks property, a very beautiful private estate dedicated by its owner to this particular

purpose. It is within a few minutes walk of the Public Square and within easy access of all parts of the city. The grounds are beautifully wooded and it is planned to lay out Italian gardens adjacent to the art building.

The Gallery is planned at present to contain Mr. Butler's private collection and to afford suitable exhibition space for transient collections. Mr. Butler has been buying paintings for some years and has assembled a very interesting group among which may be mentioned "The Eton Boy" by William M. Chase; the "Tambourine Girl" by Louis Kronberg; "Hauling Logs" by Paul King; "The Golden Wood" by J. Francis Murphy; and "May Morning" by Robert H. Nisbet. Mr. Butler will also place in this building his unique collection of Indian art which contains over 400 pieces.

ART MUSEUM AT A STATE COLLEGE

The Pennsylvania State College, which is located in a rural district in about the center of the State of Pennsylvania, has a Department of Industrial and Fine Arts of very real interest and value. Under the direction of Prof. Richard Ernesti, Head of this Department, a little art museum has been started.

About a year ago Mr. Ernesti sent an

appeal to Pennsylvania artists for help and contributions. The response was prompt and generous. Mr. Albert Rosenthal of Philadelphia contributed a portrait of a lady and a collection of sixty etchings of historic Americans; Mr. Charles Rosen sent a landscape entitled "Winter;" Mr. Dull of the Drexel Institute, a pastel; Mr. Norman Colt, Mr. Yarnall Abbott and Mr. Fred Wagner each paintings. Among the Pittsburgh artists contributing were Mr. George Sotter, Mr. James Bonar and Mr. Charles Walter. Mr. Edward W. Redfield and Mr. Robert Spencer have promised contributions and Mr. Daniel Chester French will also send an example of his work. Some of the collectors as well as a number of the larger manufacturers have been no less generous, so that the new little museum has now quite a comprehensive and noteworthy collection comprising not only paintings but pottery, textiles, Indian objects and metal work.

This museum is in constant use not only by the students of the College but by the people from the surrounding country who visit it in large numbers, making excursions to the College for the special purpose of seeing the art exhibit.

ART IN GREAT BRITAIN

The arts had a large place on the program of the Conference on After the War Problems of Reconstruction held at Hampstead Garden Suburb (London), in August. Mr. Henry Wilson, President of the Arts and Crafts spoke at the first meeting on the subject of "The Crafts and Modern Life." At later sessions there were discussions on "Tradition in Its Bearing on Modern Art" by Mr. George Clausen, R. A.; "Art Schools and Craft Workshops," by Prof. Selwyn Image, M. A., "Standards of Art and Standards of Trade" by Mr. Anning Bell, A.R.A., and Mr. Harold Speed, R.P. Problems of Town and City planning were presented by authoritative speakers such as Mr. Paul Waterhouse and Mr. Raymond Unwin.

The Conference continued for a week and was essentially educational in its character. Curiously enough it was not open, however, to the public or to such as might be specially interested, but only to holders of tickets which were purchasable at something like

\$5 for the entire course. To us in America this seems as odd and contradictory as the charge of admission to an exhibition in a dealer's gallery, another European custom.

A number of British artists, we are informed, have combined to show in a series of lithographic prints the Aims of Britain and her Allies in the War, and also some typical and impressive aspects of their effort against the enemy. The British Aims are shown in a series of Allegories, printed in color. "The Freedom of the Seas" is rendered by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, "The Restoration of Belgium" by Mr. Clausen. Other subjects are interpreted by Messrs. Dulac, Greiffenhagen, Augustus John, Ernest Jackson, Gerald Moira, William Nicholson, Charles Ricketts, Will Rothenstein, Charles Shannon, and Edmund J. Sullivan. The British Effort is typified in several series, such as "Making Soldiers" by Mr. Eric Kennington, "Making Ships," by Mr. Muirhead Bone, and other series by Messrs. Frank Brangwyn, Clausen, Nevins, Hartick, Charles Pears, Will Rothenstein, and Claude Shepperson. These works were first exhibited in the Galleries of the Fine Art Society, New Bond street, London, after which they were sent on a tour of the provincial Galleries.

A ROMAN ALPHABET AND HOW TO USE IT. BY FRANK FORREST FREDERICK, Director of the School of Industrial Arts, Trenton, New Jersey. Frank Forrest Frederick, Publisher. Price 75 cents.

This is a text book in design, applied to the art of lettering. The system set forth is one originated by Mr. Frederick and used with great success in the Trenton School of Industrial Art. It carries the scheme of drawing letters upon squares further than it has ever been carried before and by grouping the letters to standard widths greatly minimizes the difficulty of lettering. The simple conventional alphabet is used and instruction is given not only in the formation of these letters but in letter composition and the grouping of words.

Accompanying the book are five plates giving the alphabet as well as the numerals, each properly drawn and spaced, a working guide for the letterer.

NEWS ITEMS

Mr. Henry Turner Bailey, for some years Editor of the *School Arts Magazine* and well known as a lecturer and writer on art as well as an art teacher, has become Dean of the Cleveland School of Art of which Miss Georgie Leighton Norton has been Director for twenty-six years. Mr. Bailey at the same time has become Supervisor of Educational Work at the Cleveland Museum of Art working there in coöperation with Mr. Frederick Allen Whiting, the Director.

It is Mr. Bailey's hope to make the Art School in Cleveland a power in the industries of the city and in the higher education of the citizens, correlating it more closely with the Museum and the University, and at the same time to make the Museum more broadly influential as an art educational force.

The Minneapolis Institute of Arts has received as a gift from Mr. Charles L. Freer a collection comprising 178 objects of Oriental art. There are 17 paintings by Japanese artists ranging in date from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century, one small Chinese flower painting of the Yuan Period, three statuettes of Buddha in gilt bronze besides examples of Japanese pottery, Chinese bronzes, jades, etc., a large group of fragments of ancient near eastern pottery and other art material of a most interesting character.

During the coming season memorial exhibitions of the work of Thomas Eakins and Albert Ryder will be held in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Eakins exhibition will come in the early fall, the Ryder exhibition probably about mid-winter.

Summer exhibitions of works by American artists were held during the last week in August and the first week in September at Mystic and Old Lyme, Conn.; Newport, R. I.; Stockbridge, Mass., and at other art centers. These were mostly composed of the summer output of the artists' studios, and many of the works shown therein will be seen later in the regular winter exhibitions.

Mr. Pedro J. Lemos, for some time Acting Director of the San Francisco Institute of Art, has recently been made Director of the Museum of Fine Arts and of the new Thomas Welton Stanford Gallery of Art at Leland Stanford Junior University.

The Thomas Welton Stanford Gallery of Art is a new building completed at a cost of \$100,000, modern in every detail and peculiarly well suited to its purpose. Two rooms are to be devoted to traveling exhibitions and every effort will be made to have the best contemporary art shown therein.

A model "Garden City" planned on lines similar to those followed by the distinguished city builders of England, is to be established near Visitation, south of San Francisco, according to *The Architect and Engineer of California*. The plan is being worked out by Mr. Charles H. Cheney.

A Federation of Art Societies has been effected in Toledo with the object of raising the level of art production in that city and increasing the understanding and appreciation of art among the people. Its chief activity will be the holding of an exhibition of works of the members of the various societies annually at the Toledo Museum of Art.

Mr. Langdon Warner has lately been appointed Director of the Pennsylvania Museum, in Philadelphia, in place of the late Dr. Barber. He is a graduate of Harvard, class of 1903, and has been connected with the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the Peabody Museum and the Art Museum, Cleveland. He has traveled extensively in Asiatic countries and made a special study of Eastern Art.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The title page and index to volume VIII, Nov. 1916, to Oct. 1917, of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART will be mailed promptly upon request to all subscribers desiring to bind their magazines. Under the present postal regulations it is no longer possible to mail the index as heretofore with the October number of the magazine.

The summer of 1917 will be memorable in Chicago for the number of Garden Clubs studying artistic arrangement in garden landscape design and color in the garden. Mrs. Francis King, President of the Women's National Farm and Garden Association, who has written extensively on color in the garden, has lectured before the important garden clubs on the North Shore, and Prof. Wilhelm Miller, a national authority, Professors Root and Hollister of the Illinois State University have lectured as well as conducted a summer school in horticulture at Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, which village is the headquarters of the Garden Clubs of Illinois.

Harvard College assisted in setting up the first printing press in what is now the United States. The Harvard University Press at Cambridge, Mass., is now housed in a handsome building set aside specially for the purpose. The employees of the press number thirty-seven and the business of the press aggregates it is said \$78,000 a year. Charles Chester Lane is the director. The books which bear the impress of the Harvard University Press are of a scholarly character and in form represent at its best the printer's art. In the same building wherein the press is located is a classroom and laboratory for a printing class conducted by the University.

Bulletin

EXHIBITIONS

- NEW YORK WATER COLOR CLUB.** Fine Arts Galleries, New York Nov. 4—Nov. 25, 1917
Exhibits received October 19 and 20, 1917.
- PHILADELPHIA WATER COLOR CLUB.** Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Fifteenth Annual Exhibition Nov. 4—Dec. 9, 1917
Exhibits received prior to October 16, 1917.
- PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY OF MINIATURE PAINTERS.** Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Sixteenth Annual Exhibition Nov. 4—Dec. 9, 1917
Exhibits received October 22, 1917.
- NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.** Winter Exhibition. Fine Arts Galleries, New York Dec. 14, 1917—Jan. 13, 1918
Exhibits received November 26 and 27, 1917.
- ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.** Fine Arts Galleries. . Feb. 2—Feb. 23, 1918
Exhibits received January 17 and 18, 1918.
- NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.** Ninety-third Annual Exhibition. Fine Arts Galleries, New York Mar. 15—April 21, 1918
Exhibits received February 27 and 28, 1918.

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